

Bedbound

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Bedbound

by [JSparks](#)

Summary

George: If I'm coming to Florida you won't be leaving that bed.

Dream: your going to fuck it out of me?

George: that's the plan.

Or

George comes to Florida for one week and fucks Dreams brains out because that's what best friends do.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Sunday

Dream rocked backward and forwards on his feet. He looked like a dead man staring at the escalator waiting for his friend, he didn't look away for a moment fearing he would miss him.

The little sign with George's name on it was tacky from sweat and he frantically wiped his hands on his blue jeans.

"Boo!" a voice boomed from right behind his left ear.

"What the hell!" Dream jumped. He turned around to look at George with wide eyes. "Why..." he groaned, finally taking a breath, "Why would you do that? You almost gave me a heart attack!"

George started laughing. He was in complete hysterical laughter in seconds, he doubled over trying to breathe but could not stop giggling. The other people in the airport were giving them weird glances. Dream's entire face was cherry red, but he couldn't stay mad at George for too long because it was pretty hilarious.

"I'm sorry-" the Brit gasped, "I-"

"You are unbelievable," Dream groaned walking away from the pick up area but not far enough to lose his friend.

"No, come back!" George jogged to keep up with his friend, his suitcase wheels squeaked as he tried to catch up with him. He pulled Dream into a tight hug, for the first time in a long time the American felt..

Happy.

A pure type of happiness that comes once in a blue moon.

"I missed you," Dream smiled, pulling away.

"Me too, let's go home," he beamed pulling his luggage behind him.

"I'm so excited! I've only ever seen pictures of the inside of your apartment," George remarked as the blonde opened the door.

"It's nothing special really," he quipped.

The apartment was on the smaller side with little Grey decorations everywhere. To the right of the entryway was the kitchen, to the left was a set of white folding doors and beyond the kitchen was the living area.

"It's adorable," he moved his luggage out of the way.

"I should cook tonight, I make the best potatoes."

"I'm just happy to be here, I missed you a lot," he pulled himself into Dream's side. "The flight was awful, I genuinely thought the plane was going down at one point."

Dream didn't even respond, he just bent down and rested his cheek on George's head. He hummed

and let the sweet scent of green apples fill his nose. It was so calming to have him here, it was never awkward around him.

"Patches!" George radiated, he instantly abandoned Dream's side to go look at the cat. The kitten had just patted her way into the kitchen before the brit scooped her up into his arms. "Hi baby!" she instantly began cuddling into his neck and purring.

"You guys are so adorable," Dream laughed and took out his phone to take a picture.

Dream and George settled down on the couch watching a few episodes of Once Upon a Time. Dream curled up, well tried his best to curl up as a man standing at 6'4", against George's side. The brit slung his left arm around him and ran his fingers through Dream's blonde hair.

"I'm thirsty," George mumbled, removing himself from the blonde's grasp, going towards the kitchen with his glass in hand.

Dream sat up and let out a little yawn. It wasn't close to dinner time but watching the show made him a little sleepy.

George smiled as he walked back from the kitchen, a little yellow glass in his hand, then he placed the cup on the coffee table. Unexpectedly, the brit shoved his knee into the cushion beside Dream's leg. He swung his other leg over his lap and sat down facing him.

"Hey?" Dream asked looking up at him.

"Hi baby," George smirked. "Did you forget what I said?"

"Maybe I need a reminder."

"I'm sure you do," He whispered right against the shell of Dream's ear. A little shiver ran down the blonde's spine and his cock twitched in anticipation. Thousands of different scenarios were running across his mind, what was George about to do to him?

He could bend me over the back of the couch and fuck me raw.

Or shove his cock down my throat and make me choke on his seed.

Or he could spank me- whoa that's new Dream uh-

The brunette planted a kiss on his jaw, pressing more kisses into the sensitive skin as he moved further and further down to the collar. One hand moved to cup his face and the other stroked his arm in a calming motion.

Dream gasped as he began to suck a pink mark on to his neck, "George..."

He didn't respond, he just kissed more and more of his exposed skin. After a minute, he moved slower and slower down until his legs slid off the couch and into the floor. Now George was eye to waist level with the blonde, he looked up, "Are you sure you want to keep going?" his voice was soft and sweet.

"Yes, please. I trust you."

The brown-haired boy smiled, unzipped Dream's blue jeans and pulled back his Grey boxers so his cock sprung out. Dream sighed with relief and rolled his hips up a little before stopping himself.

George took Dream's hand and guided it against his own, he pulled the hand into his hair and brought his mouth right in front of the leaking tip of his dick. "You aren't going to hurt me," He encouraged.

Dream experimented with pressing down on the brunette's head and letting his cock slip into his mouth. The wet heat made his knees a little weaker and his mind cloudy. He used a slow pace, not knowing if something was going to hurt his friend.

George lifted his head on his own, it wasn't hard, the American was using no pressure and being painfully gentle. "Dream, you won't hurt me, you can use some force."

"Okay, okay, " Dream stammered. He gripped the hair with a little more vigor and moved it up and down. The shocks of pleasure ran from the base of his cock, down his knees and to his toes. His legs were weakening and the tension through his body was thrown out the window.

The blonde rolled his hips up and thrust into his mouth. George let out a groan, the vibrations ran down to the base of Dream's cock and he shuttered slightly. George rested his right hand against his friend's hip and slipped his left hand into his pants. Breathy groans and little moans rolled off of Dream's tongue, "George..."

He just hummed in response and took more into his mouth.

"George, close," Dream warned while he gripped his hair tighter and moved faster. George teased and prodded the tip with the end of his tongue. With a string of curses, moans and a broken version of George's name, the coil in the blonde's stomach snapped and shocks of pleasure ran down his spine.

As the hand on his head retreated, George thrust into his left hand faster and faster, resting his forehead on the American's thigh. "Dream..." He groaned as the sweet sensation pushed him across the edge and into his own orgasm.

They both rested and attempted to calm their breathing. George took this opportunity to get back up into Dream's lap facing him. He wrapped his arms around the Floridian's head, placed his chin on the top of his hair and ran his fingers through the strands. "Better?" he asked.

"Yeah I feel amazing."

"Still want to cook tonight?"

"Of course, what do you want?"

"Whatever you will make for me because now I am hungry," George giggled.

"I'll make chicken and potatoes. It's a classic."

Dream played soft music from his phone as he cooked. He checked each pot and pan on the stovetop making sure the chicken wasn't burning on the bottom, the vegetables were cooking evenly and the potatoes were boiling. George sat on the other side of the kitchen, Dream had gotten him a pair of his pants, they were definitely too big. George laughed and read his best friend funny tweets, occasionally Dream fed him a slice of chicken just for him to taste.

"That's really good!"

"I'm glad," He smiled, turning back to the oven and stirring the potatoes.

Dream had lost the jeans, he rarely ever wore them at home anyway and the heat from the pans made the kitchen a few degrees hotter. He wore his soft blue tee and a pair of grey boxers. The phone on the counter played some pop music. The mix of songs consisted of Rhianna, sometimes Beyoncé and a few other mid 2010 songs.

The taller boy pulled out 2 plates and divided the food between them. George jumped down from the granite, "It looks amazing, thank you for cooking."

"Of course," he smiled and handed the brit a plate of food.

"So you want to watch Up?"

"And get tears in my mashed potatoes..?" He paused. "Yes, yes I do."

As the movie played, they both made little commentary throughout, ate their food and just enjoyed each other's company. Something was just so domestic and calm, no pressure to be something you weren't or to put on a face for anyone.

"I'm gonna' go use the bathroom," George remarked while taking a little bag out of his larger suitcase.

"Don't fall in."

"I can only try."

Dream stood in the kitchen putting away seasonings, washing plates, pots, pans, and wiping down the *counters*.

It felt so good earlier, his voice was really nice to hear in person. He's so sweet. Is he going to do what he said he was gonna do? I think so-

His thoughts were cut off by George, "Hey Dream, come in your room when you're done."

"Okay." He finished wiping the counter and left the kitchen to go find George. *God, it was so hot. I will probably be thinking about his mouth for days.*

George was in his room trying to pick up Patches, she was moving around and not letting him.

"Patches, please come here." he pleaded. Finally she let him pick her up. "Sorry Baby," He muttered, placing her outside the bedroom and returning to sit on the edge of the bed.

"Hey," Dream said from the doorway. To the left of his door was his desk and recording area, there was large tapestry on the far wall and the bed jutted out from the back wall.

"Comere," George teased.

Dream closed the door behind him, followed the command and his face flushed, the amount of times he has sat in that very spot thinking about his best friend with a hand in his pants was countless.

"Yes?"

George stood up and pressed a kiss into the blonde's cheek. He gripped his waist with some force

and rested his hand dangerously close to Dreams ass. When he broke away, "Lay on the bed for me."

Wordless, Dream laid down in the middle of the bed. A little tent was forming in his pants at the thought of what was happening. He liked the little demanding side of George, he was more fun. George stood to his side and put his fingertips beneath the waistband of the Grey boxers, he looked up for permission to take them on. Dream nodded biting his lip.

When George pulled the boxers away, he threw them into the hamper in the corner. He also pulled off his oversized plaid sweatpants. Then he got on the bed to straddle Dream.

"All good?" He asked whilst caressing the blonde's face with timid hands.

"Yes, perfect," Dream said. He pulled him down to kiss him on the lips.

George let his hands roam down the taller boy's arms and upper body, he slipped his nimble hands beneath the navy shirt. He teased his nipples with the pads of his fingers, Dream gasped into the kiss. *Sensitive*, George thought to himself, *he's so adorable*.

Dream groaned and rolled his hips upwards trying to gain some type of friction but the brunette didn't budge. He just continued making out with him, teasing at his nipples and touching all over his body.

The brit pulled away, "I know you don't like Rollercoasters but I think you'll like this ride."

George maneuvered his body so his ass was dangerously close to Dreams cock, "George."

"Yeah yeah," George snatched the lube from the bedside table. When did he put that there? Dream tilted his head to the side in confusion.

In a concerning fast motion, George poured the lubricant on his hand and slicked Dreams cock with it. The blonde shivered at the motion and his hips fluttered, "Holy shit, George-" *he does that so fast...*

"What?" He asked innocently while lining up the cock to his hole.

"Wait don't you want to-" He was quickly cut off by the feeling of tight heat all around him.

"Holy- Fuck, George?!"

"I stretched in the bathroom while you were cleaning up..." he's voice was slightly wrecked but he was adjusting fast. Dream gritted his teeth and swallowed back a moan, *God he's so hot, so tight*.

After letting himself adjust George lifted his hips and shoved them back down. They two men let out twin moans at the feeling.

George took his left hand and slipped it back underneath the shirt and teased the sensitive buds once again. With his other hand, he ran his thumb over Dream's lips. "You look so good for me Dream."

"Yeah? You feel amazing, I'm so lucky."

"You bet your ass you're lucky," George moved faster up and now. With a sadistic glare into his best friend's eyes he slipped his thumb into Dream's mouth. Dream sucked on it, "Just like I thought, so slutty."

The blonde moaned against the finger in his mouth. The burning sensation in his stomach was starting to boil over, he could barely feel his knees and the pleasure overwhelmed his nerves.

"You're my little slut, right Dream?"

"So good for me."

"You look so cute like this."

The little words of encouragement fogged his mind. He was getting closer and closer to the brink of it-

"Cum for me," George demanded, fucking himself down on his dick as rough as he could. Dream couldn't take it anymore and let himself come deep in his ass. George let him catch his breath and removed his hands from his mouth and chest.

"George..." He groaned helplessly, just saying his name because he felt like it. With a little smile the brunette let the cock slip out of him and a little stream of cum following it. The American looked at George's flushing red, proud standing cock and asked, "Can I?"

"If you want," George mumbled.

Dream jacked him off quickly trying to satisfy him. Cum was falling down the side of Dream's hand, the mere sight made his dick jump. George came relatively quickly, his head rocked back and his eyes slipped shut.

With a little hum, Dream motioned for George's shirt to come off, he took it and wiped off any extra mess left over. He then removed his own and threw the extra clothes into his laundry basket. George peeled back the comforter and got in the cozy bed, Dream soon followed and they both laid on their backs just looking at the ceiling.

"How do you feel?" George asked.

"Amazing..."

"I got a whole list of things planned, this was just Sunday."

"I thought you were gonna fuck me on day 1, what happened? You scared."

"I'll remember those words later, Dream. This was your warmup day."

"Wait, I'm sorry!"

"You have already sealed your fate." George giggled, "I meant what I said and I said what I meant, you will not leave this bed until your back is bent."

Dream erupted into laughter, "George stop-" he wheezed. "You dumbass-" he could barely speak. "I meant what I-" He was cut off by a wheeze, he was clutching his stomach he was laughing so hard.

"Dream it's not even that funny."

"That's fucking hilarious, I am so tempted to tweet that."

"You are such an idiot," George commented. He moved to lay more horizontally so he could rest his head on Dreams stomach. "Question, how do you feel about pain play?"

"I like it, but nothing with blood, electricity, or knives."

"Sure, I can try not to slice your face off tomorrow."

"I know you can barely contain yourself," Dream teased, he threaded his fingers through the brunet's hair.

"I'm tempted you are annoying, but I will keep you alive for now because you make really good food."

"Why thank you."

"Now get some sleep."

And with that, the both drifted off into restful sleep on a warm Sunday night.

Monday

Chapter Summary

George realizes that he can be a little rougher with Dream and be more dominant.

I like this chapter but I'm a little self conscious about my actual writing, something feels a little bit off.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George was technically awake first but he kept his eyes screwed shut and snuggled down into the covers. He was still exhausted from the night before. There was a dull ache in the back of his throat and his ass but he ignored it, the little sting was a reminder. There was a bit of wetness between his legs, his body and the sheets, *gotta clean that later. But first, I have an idea*, George thought to himself. With a devious grin, he turned to see Dream to his right facing away from him on his side. His leg hiked up at a 90° angle, blankets barely covering his body, his hair scraggly and sticking up in every direction.

George maneuvered over the bed, he shoved his left arm between the blonde and the bed and rested his own head on Dream's shoulder. "Morning."

Dream just groaned in response.

"What are we doing today?"

"I need to go to the gym, that's about it," he mumbled, turning his head and kissing George.

"Can I give you a present before you go?"

"Sure, what is it?" Dream asked innocently.

George giggled a little bit and moved his right hand down lower and reared his hand back to come down on the blonde's butt and leave a pink handprint.

"George! I wouldn't call that a present!" Dream whined. He bit down on his lip hard, trying to relax but his nerves were on fire. Oh my shit- that feels so good.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"Uh..." He stuttered. "No."

George just chuckled and struck him again. He kneaded the soft skin between hits, left little kisses along his shoulder and back, and continued the little smacks until Dream groaned his name. Little volts of electricity jumped down the florianian's spine with every smack of his hand, the sweet sting made all his blood run south and his head light.

"You've been naughty Dream, I can't let that go unpunished. It would make me a pretty bad friend."

"George, fuck," he whispered rolling his hips back into the hand.

"You are so bratty," George giggled, running his hand all across the curve of his ass and pulling at the tender skin. Dream's skin was tan almost everywhere except from his waist to his mid thighs, probably from being out in the Florida sun. The pale skin of his ass flushed a dark pink at the little hits.

"I am practically twice your size and body mass. I could literally throw you."

"But you won't," George stated with a firm slap and grip to his ass.

"Shit..."

"Yeah that's what I thought," George pulled away and sat up in the bed beside the blonde. "I need to shower and wash these sheets."

"How am I going to go to the gym like this?!"

George turned to his friend and bent down to his ear, "What? You don't want to go lift weights with your ass all marked up?"

The blonde just blushed and he hissed as he sat up, his dick was half hard between his legs. He was tempted to touch, *we do need to clean the sheets today...*

"Don't even think about it," George warned.

"Fine..." he reached over and unplugged his iPhone looking at the time. 9:48am, I should have plenty of time.

"I think I'm going to go back to bed, I'm pretty tired."

"That's fine, I'll be back before 12." Dream leaned over, kissed him on the cheek, then got out of the bed and threw on a robe. As if she somehow knew, Patches could be heard meowing from outside the door.

"Patches!" the brunette's face completely lit up. "Can you throw me a long shirt?"

Dream opened his closet and found one of his biggest old black and long T-shirts, he balled it up and threw it on the bed. George pulled it over his head and reached for the door handle. Patches came strolling in like she owned the place, she jumped on the bed and immediately started kneading at George's chest.

"She likes you so much more," Dream whined, setting out some clothes for him to put on once he got out of the shower.

"It's probably because I smell like you," he genuinely rubbed her head and snuggled down into the soft covers with her.

"You smell, like sex."

"I'll shower later I'm tired."

"Okay so you're tired now but you weren't tired 5 minutes ago when you-"

"Do you want round 2 right now?" George injected with a challenging raise of his eyebrow.

"No, I'll get in the shower."

"Good boy... have fun at the gym!" George drifted off back to sleep cuddling up to Patches in bed.

Later on George woke up, Patches now curled up a few feet away from him. He nabbed his phone from the bedside table, *10:34am not too bad. I need a shower Pronto and these sheets are probably gross.*

The first thing he did was strip the bed, Patches was not a fan of having to move but eventually let him remove all the bedding. He threw it in the washing machine and let it run. He got out some toiletries from his suitcase and finally washed up. "I could get used to this," he whispered aloud at the high water pressure.

Once he shut off the steaming water, he wrapped the towel around his waist and air dried as he scrolled aimlessly through his phone.

George: How's your work out?

Dream: Pretty good I'm just jogging and listening to music.

Dream: I wish I could do some of the other machines :(

George: I barely tapped you this morning?!

Dream: you call that a love tap? My ass has been burning all morning

George: I have another gift for you tonight

Dream: mmhmm I don't trust your definition of gift

George: you'll like this one, promise

"I'm home," Dream called from the doorway as he walked inside. He hung up his keys, opened the laundry room door and placed his gym bag on top. "I'm going to hop in the shower, I smell awful."

"Okay," George called off-handedly from the bedroom, he continued to pet Patches and scroll through his phone.

Dream didn't even bother to do anything else before walking into the bathroom and warming up the water. He peeled off his sweaty clothes and threw them into the corner basket.

George heard the water running from the room next door and decided maybe he should join him, he showered this morning but might as well go help out. He politely asked Patches to move along so he could go wash up. The British boy waited until Dream had already gotten into the hot shower before taking off his own clothes.

He poked his head into the shower and saw Dream facing the water. He shoved his head under the water and scratched at his roots to remove dirt and sweat. George got in behind him and gently placed his hands on the other boy's shoulders.

"How did I know you were going to get in with me?" Dream reached for the shampoo.

"Intuition?"

"Sure sure," he turned around to have his back facing the shower head and scrubbed shampoo into his mid length hair. George smiled and poured the liquid soap onto the washcloth, he began rubbing it across Dream's skin wiping away the film of sweat. They stood face to face both washing the sweat off Dream.

"Today I washed the sheets, cleaned up and coded something new on your computer."

"What did you code?"

"All passive animals are hostile and all the hostile animals are passive, the wooden tools are the strongest and the diamond tools are the weakest. Just something stupid we could make a video out of one day."

"I like it," Dream mumbled while running his hair under the water and letting the shampoo filter out. "Thank you for washing the sheets."

"No problem," he beamed, continuing to wash his sweaty friend. "How did your workout go?"

"A little more terrifying thanks to you! I was just trying to get my workout done but I couldn't stop thinking about..."

"Me?"

"Yeah..." Dream felt his dick swell at George's cocky grin, the steamy water and nakedness was not helping his case.

"Do you want to get off Dream?"

"Uh-"

"Yes or no."

"Yes."

"Then get on your knees for me."

Dream tried to move fast but the risk of slipping in the shower was definitely there, he got on his knees in front of George and was eye level with his cock.

"If you need to breathe tap my leg, but outside of that I'm going to use your throat. You can touch

yourself."

"Please," Dream whimpered as George guided the back of his head towards the head of his cock. The older boy didn't hold back in thrusting into his friend's mouth, he let himself relax and only went too deep when Dream let out groans. The blonde's little reaction whenever George went too far down his throat was almost adorable, he's head stuttered and he's back arched out.

After a few minutes George's orgasm was definitely on the rise, "Close," He warned in a dazed voice. The knot inside his stomach snapped, he swore and shoved Dream's head as far as it would go down. Dream sputtered but took it, *God that's so hot*. Between the hand around himself and George abusing his throat, his orgasm didn't give any warning when it hit him.

The blonde stood up again and took the back of hand and wiped away the spit and dribbled from his chin.

"Can we go get pizza for dinner?" George innocently asked. *Does nothing phase this dude?*

"Of course," Dream smiled, bending down to kiss his- *friend, Dream, friend*, on the forehead.

George and Dream walked down the crowded street, the colorful lights hung above from rooftop to rooftop, it lit up the rows of food trucks. George turned to look up at the blonde, his white hoodie changed colors under the sparkling lights. His hair turned a red tint when they walked under a hanging light.

The British boy interlocked his arm with his taller friend. He remembered being confused as to why they were going downtown for pizza, but Dream raved about this amazing street style pizza spot he's been going to for years.

Dream looked down and gave him a big smile, "There is the truck, do you know what you want?"

"You know this place better than I ever would, could you order for me?"

"Of course," Dream offered squeezing his arm. They got up to the window and Dream started, "Hi, can I get 1 slice of sausage pizza add spinach and 1 pepperoni with extra garlic sauce?"

"Yes you certainly can, that'll be 8.46," the kind woman replied as another worker turned around to make their food.

Dream reached for his wallet and handed the woman working the truck the cash. A man in an apron handed him the to-go trays with his change on top. "Thank you!"

Dream smiled and searched for a place for them to sit. He chose a black circle table with a beautiful navy lantern hanging from a string above it. "Here is your piece Mr. Notfound."

"Why thank you Mr. Wastaken," George took the box and had a seat. "You got spinach on your pizza?"

"Popeyes wasn't wrong about the spinach, he knew this was the good shit okay," Dream stated while taking a bite of his pizza.

"Uh huh, interesting," George teased trying his pizza.

"Don't knock it until you try it," Dream taunted holding out the pizza. George rolled his eyes but

bent down and took a bite.

"Okay okay I take it back it's not that bad."

"See?"

"What about pineapple?"

"Don't say that name in the presence of my pizza are you crazy!" Dream shouted pretending to cover his pizzas ears at the sound of the word.

"You're one of *those* aren't you?"

"No I'm playing it up, but pineapple is great on its own anyway. I like it dipped in chocolate."

They continued to eat and chatter about anything that came to mind. The street lights were bright and shined even if it was dark out and a tad bit humid. Dream tried to pull away at a cheese string but it continued to stretch and get all over his hands, George attempted to be sneaky but he completely got caught taking a picture of him. "You better delete that!"

"But you look so cute," George said endearingly looking at his phone screen.

They walked back that night and the walking traffic was dying down, it still was awfully humid but the temperature was hard to worry about when their hands were interlaced.

After they got home they both watched an episode or two of a random series on Netflix. Dream laid with his head in George's lap and faced the TV while the brunette caressed and played with the blonde hair. Dream turned so he could look up at George.

George didn't look down from the screen, he ran his thumb over his nose and down to his cheek. Dream sighed and leaned into his hand. "George..."

"Yes?"

"Are you going to do what you said you were going to do?" *Why are you so nervous? Just ask.*

"What did I say?" George naively asked.

"... You were gonna- Uh..."

"Go to your room and strip."

"You know what I mean," Dream beamed, sitting up and kissing George on the lips.

George let him get a head start while he sat on the couch in anticipation. *Maybe I should just be gentle again, I don't want to hurt him. Well he's been bratty already might as well break him in-*

George just tried to keep his naughty thoughts at bay and walked into the bedroom. "Bend over-"

"What?!"

"Now."

Dream was reluctant but got closer to the bed and bent over. He rested his forehead on his forearms and tried to stay comfortable. He had just thrown his clothes into the corner. George laughed at his

shyness but grabbed his little bag from beside the bed nonetheless.

"Do you remember the safeword you came up with?"

"Cherries."

"That's the one, if you need it, use it." George took his little purple bag and removed a bottle. He turned it over in his hand and rubbed the label, "All good?"

"Yes, perfect," he mumbled and rocked on his feet from side to side. *I like this side of George. It's a lot more fun, I'm probably going to be thinking about this for days-*

George pressed his fingers right against the blonde's hole and circled around it. *Mmmm, that feels good...* Dream thought, he relaxed more of his body and let himself just focus on the fingers touching him. George's other hand squeezed at his ass and gripped it tight. "Greedy," He whispered to himself.

The other boy pressed his finger inside, it was a bit different to Dream, his own fingers were thicker and a bit longer but less nimble. George worked him open and added fingers as needed. Sometimes he would brush a spot inside the American that made his hole clench, his mouth involuntarily slip out a moan and his legs to shutter. When little nerve inside him was struck the Brit would tease, "So slutty,"

He looks so good like this, I wish I was recording. His little noises make me twitch. Fuck-

"George!"

"Yes?" George innocently looked up from his task like there was nothing sexy going on here.

"Please."

"Please what?"

"... Please fuck me."

"You want me to do what exactly?" George whispered.

"George..."

"I need more specific instructions."

"Please put your cock in me."

"In your mouth?"

"No, my ass, dumbass!" Dream complained. George replied with a smack on his still pink ass and pressed his 3 fingers aggressively against the spot inside him that made Dreams toes curl into the floor. "Mmmmm, *fuck* yeah, please, keep going-"

George pulled out his fingers gently and commanded, "In the middle of the bed, face down ass up."

Dream whined at the lack of stimulation but didn't dare touch his hard cock between his legs. He crawled up the middle of the bed, spread his knees apart and rested his forearms beside his head. In the meantime George removed all of his clothes and let his dick jump up against his stomach, he warmed the lube in his hands then coated it on his cock.

"Not like that," George groaned and pressed his knee into the bed and sat behind Dream.

"What how am I supposed to do it-"

George pulled at Dream's arms until they moved without resistance. He folded them down onto his back then pressed so his chest was flush with the comforter. He then pulled his hips upwards and pressed his knees more forward so his back was as arched as it could be. Dream moves his head to the side so he could breathe comfortably.

Holy, Dream's inner voice groaned, *I can't wait for him to ram his cock into me. It's so exposed.* His cheeks flushed at the slight embarrassment.

George pressed the head of his slick dick to Dream's entrance, he was concentrating on Dream and didn't let his own pleasure get the best of him. As his thin fingers curled around the Americans arms he said, "I don't know Dream, doesn't sound like you want it enough."

"George, please."

"I've already heard you do so much better, come on Dream. **Beg.**" He accented the word with a press on his arms forcing the blonde's back down and his butt up more.

"George, fuck me please do it I want you to break me."

The brunette pressed down hard on the square of his back, "Is that really all you got?"

"Fuck! Please, *please* ram your cock in my ass I need it bad, I want it so bad, please, *please*, **please** I- **Fuck.**" Dream's horny rambles were going on for too long in George's opinion so he shoved his dick deep inside with one swift motion. Dream's eyes rolled and his legs threatened to give out if it wasn't for George's hips against him. The searing pain was fading fast and pleasure was taking over.

George had one objective, split him open. *So tight... Don't cum early*, George inner self demanded.

Dream panted and tried to calm but he was so deep and thick. *What is that? Oh my god I can feel it pulsing.*

"Good?" George asked.

"So..." Dream groaned. "Good."

"I think I heard you wanted to be split open by my cock is that correct?"

"Yes, yes please move."

"Ah ah ah, you've been so bratty I don't know if you deserve it."

"Please George!"

"Only because you asked so nicely..." George taunted, he pulled out completely and shoved all the way back inside.

"Oh my, fuck me, I'll be good *just* please-"

And George let him have it, he alternated from hard long strokes to quick fast pumps. Dream was practically drooling and begging for more, at one point just little gasps from the back of his throat

were all that could be heard.

"George I'm close," Dream whined after only a few minutes.

"Do you want to come multiple times or just the once?"

"I think I can do it multiple..."

George pressed down on his back a little bit more then, for lack of a better word, fucked him senseless.

Dream couldn't even speak anymore, just strings of moans and gasps left his mouth. *I don't think I'm going to be able to walk, the sting feels so sweet, it's so addicting. God his cock feels amazing... close so close...* "Fuck!"

With the loud curse he came and painted the freshly cleaned sheets white again, his hole clenched down. George mentally batted his orgasm away and continued to ram Dream.

"George, ah, I- I feel *so* good-"

"I told you I was going to break your back and you almost didn't believe me."

"I believe you- *Shit!* Please..."

George didn't answer, he just kept fucking him open. Dream's back was in a compromised position, his lower spine was in a bit of pain but not enough for him to stop.

Dream's previously orgasm made everything a thousand times more sensitive, he could feel ever draw of George's cock and every rub against his prostate. Another orgasm was on the rise, Dream's head felt like TV static and his entire body just gave in to all the pleasure he was receiving. George rode his sweet spot and rarely ever missed in hitting it with a lot of force.

"George..."

The Brit replied with a deep thrust and reached one of his hands up to pull Dream's blonde hair.

"George please- cum in me."

Shit, those words made George's cock leak an embarrassing amount and his jaw dropped. *He becomes so different like this.*

The older boy was trying to keep himself from coming but it wasn't easy with the sounds Dream was making or the feeling around his cock. George could barely hold it anymore- "Dream! Fuck," he released inside with a long stroke.

"George, please touch me I'm so close I- I need it. Fuck I can't- please..." Dream babbled. Without bothering to tease anymore George reached around and roughly stroked Dream's cock. "Fuck, I-" he tried to speak but was cut off by a moan. His entire body shuttered and went limp as his second orgasm ran over him like waves. George slowly pulled out not wanting to hurt the blonde and released his hands.

Dream rolled over to the right side of the bed and didn't speak for a minute or two. George took a water bottle from his nightstand and placed it next to Dream and he didn't even bother sitting up for drinking the water.

"Everything okay?"

"Yeah," he croaked, laying back down. "My back hurts."

"Good," George giggled sitting next to his friend.

"That's probably the most intense thing I've ever done in the bedroom."

"Did you like it?"

"Of course, I'm just really tried."

"Then go to sleep," George whispered. He laid down next to him and resting his legs on top of Dream's.

"Thank you."

"For what your the one who let me fuck you senseless."

"No dumbass," He wheezed with a smile. "For flying to an entire new country just to help me."

"You give me food, a place to stay and a cat to nap with, it's the least I could do." George laughed, he leaned over and kissed Dream on the cheek. *But what are we? We've been messing around and sending pictures for months and now we're having sex regularly? What if he finds someone else and-*

"I mean it you know."

"I know, go to sleep," George whispered. He stifled down his feelings and thoughts to just let himself relax and fall asleep. It's been a long day.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and reviews are welcomed :)

I hope that this chapter came out okay. I wanted to write but I was a little upset so I feel like the chapter came out a little weird but I think it's fine.

Tuesday

Chapter Summary

Fluffy break chapter!

There is some more nsfw content coming soon I just want to get more plot out of the way. It just gets more intense as the week goes on.

Chapter Notes

I love writing in this ship but damn it takes 24 hours and boom your story is already on the second page. It's growing so fast, I'm in shock

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing that left Dream's mouth when he woke up was a groan, his entire body felt like a car was laying on top of him. The bottom of his spine felt so tense and bent out of shape, pun intended.

Dream slowly pulled himself up further on the headboard so he could sit up properly. He turned to his bedside table, grabbed the pain medicine bottle and popped the cap.

George felt his bedmate moving around and decided to turn over. He giggled and asked, "How are you feeling?"

"It was definitely worth it," Dream groaned downing some stale water that was still on his nightstand.

"I assume you want to have a lazy day?"

"Yes please, I cannot move and my back hurts pretty bad."

"Oh yeah!" George moved around the bed to sit right in front of the blonde's feet and reached out both of his hands. "Take my hands."

"Okay?" Dream was still confused but took his friends hands anyway. George pulled him forward and stretched out the muscles surrounding his spine.

Several cracks and loud pops could be heard but when Dream sat back up again he had a huge smile on his face, "That feels so much better thank you."

George laughed and returned back to his side of the bed, when did it become his side? Dream, stop thinking for 5 minutes.

"What would you like for breakfast? I will attempt not to burn the house down in the process," George giggled getting up out of the lavish bed and stretching.

"I can cook!"

"You can't even leave the bed right now," the British boy remarked going over to Dream's closet and looking for a shirt he liked. It was true, the blonde was in a bit of pain, his lower spine did feel better then how it did when he woke up but his hole burned. He blushed when he thought about what happened last night, *holy crap the words that came out of my mouth...*

Is he just going through my closet like he owns the place? *Well he owns my heart so I guess that counts for something. That is the most sappy thing I've ever heard.*

"I think I saw pancake mix in the cabinet," George remarked, right before he left the room he bent down and kissed the blonde on the crown of his head.

Dream flushed but didn't say anything as the shorter boy walked off to go cook something. *What the hell is happening? Now he's making me breakfast?*

Dream decided to ignore his thoughts, this is getting out of hand. He scrolled through his phone looking at tweets. A wafting smell of pancakes filled his nose and he snuggled down into the blankets, that smells amazing.

George peaked his head in with 2 plates in hand, "You should sit up so you don't get syrup everywhere."

Dream moved up on his pillow, crossed his legs and took the plate from George while the brunette sat across him with his own plate of pancakes.

"How do they taste?"

"Really good, thank you for not burning my house down in the process."

"Oh, there's a fire in the kitchen right now."

"Yeah sure."

"No I'm not kidding," George stared at him with a sadistic smile then dropped it. "I'm messing with you."

"God you are creepy when you do that smile thing."

"Oh what this?" George did his creepy smile again and looked the blonde directly into his eyes.

"Haha very funny, I'm gonna' need you to never do that again."

George laughed and took another bite of his pancakes. "Do you want to play Minecraft today?"

"Sure, but we shouldn't record today, my voice sounds awful."

"You sound like you've been doing something..." George teased.

"Yeah yeah," Dream finished his pancakes and George took his own and the floridian's dishes to the kitchen.

Dream whined and glared at George when he got out of bed. He snatched two towels from his

bathroom closet and heated the shower water. George laughed and followed the taller boy into the bathroom.

"You look so adorable," George taunted and pulled his clothes off.

"I am reporting you."

"Reporting me to what? Top Industries?"

"You are not a top!"

George turned to him and gave him his best 'are you being serious right now' look.

"Shut up, I'm not speaking to you anymore," Dream pouted and stepped underneath the warm water. Dream first cleaned between his legs and attempted not to whine as his fingers grazed around sensitive places. The two boys rotated underneath the shower head, one scrubbing shampoo into their hair and the other washing it out. "I'm scared to ask if you have any tricks up your sleeve because I don't know if I can take it."

"Dream you dumbass, we're taking today to just relax. Bottoming is rough the first time."

"It wouldn't have been that bad if you didn't crush my spin in the process!"

"You loved it though..." George taunted getting under the water and washing away suds from his shoulders.

"George, I'm kicking you out."

At around noon, George pulled out a spare keyboard and mouse from his bag, Dream had 2 monitors so George could log in to his own account and they could play together.

They played a few rounds of bed wars, practiced on different servers and towards the end they just started a new world.

"Are you going to make the house?"

"What do we need a house for?" Dream asked.

"We should have like a little cottage in the woods!"

"Whatever you want, we need more planks," Dream thought about all the times he's built a house in this stupid game. not once did his head feel this light and his hands feel this sweaty. What the hell is happening? Why am I stressed out?

They spent almost 3 hours collecting resources, building and just joking around. At one point they got 2 dogs and colored their collars to be purple and green. George walked a few blocks away to get a good look at the house and their dogs sitting out in front of it.

Dream looked over, the brunette smiled and looked so happy. *What am I doing? Why don't I just ask him out already? Are you really falling for this guy while you guys play some dumbass block game? Just don't Dream, it's not worth making it awkward.*

A few moments pass and George says, "Do you want to blow it up?"

"Yes!" Dream screeched changing his game mode to creative in chat.

That night they drifted apart, George stayed in the living room and Dream laid out across his bed. The blonde tried to stay focused on his phone but eventually he dropped his phone on his chest and stared up at the ceiling. *Do I like George? I mean of course I like him, I let him fuck me senseless... No, I mean, do I want to be with him? Do I have real feelings for him or is this just my brain messing with me?*

George was up inside his head and not bothering to pay attention to the screen. *I go back home on Sunday morning, do I even want to go home? Not at this rate, maybe I should ask if I can move in. Will Dream care? What if he only wants me as a friend and the sex is just a plus? I hope not...*

George turned off all the lights in the rest of the apartment and Patches meowed at him in annoyance. "Aww come here baby," George cooed and picked her up. She purred in his arms and snuggled up to his neck.

Dream laid atop the fresh sheets, they really need to start laying towels down first because this is getting out of hand. He continued to scroll through Twitter and like some more art tweets, these all look so good I have no idea how I'm going to pick.

The shorter boy, cat in hand, waltzed into their room. *When did it become their room-*

"Oh hi," Dream mumbled and rolled over onto his side of the bed. "Ready to come to bed? Hey Patches."

"Yeah I'm getting a little tired," George put the kitten down on the fluffy comforter and pulled back the sheet to get underneath it.

"Hi honey, how are you?" Dream grinned with sweetness laced into his voice. Patches meowed at him while pawing at his lap and finally settling down and wrapping herself into a little ball on top of him.

"That is disgustingly adorable," George chuckled.

The Brit got up next to Dream and slipped his legs underneath the taller boys. He put his head on Dream's shoulder and softly petted at Patches' fur.

They two boys had short conversations before bed, asking about the art competition or how their channels are doing. The elephant in the room was shrinking and dying away, the day long tension broke as the 3 of them snuggled up together. No it wasn't perfect, nothing was ever going to be perfect or normal and questions were still left unanswered. Yet, It didn't matter.

Chapter End Notes

Y'all I didn't even realize like real people read my works, who are you guys I don't think you all exist. *If you haven't seen it yet there is an update on 'cozy' you should read the notes because their a little important*

(Question for anyone who's reading this, what are your assumptions about me?)

Wednesday

Chapter Summary

Sorry it took me so long to update this story! I have been so busy and working on different stuff recently so updates on this fic have been put on the backburner. There might be some mistakes in here, its been a while since I've written this AU. Thank you guys for so much support on this work!

I don't have any idea when the next update will be, hopefully soon!

Chapter Notes

Just to clarify these donations are inside jokes between friends, do not send inappropriate donations to the Dream Team or any streamer, it's rude. Please take those with a grain of salt, I do not advocate for the sending of creepy/NSFW donos, nor have any of me or my friends actually sent them, that's weird.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The blonde shuttered at the coldness of his room. *Blanket hogger*, he thought to himself while he rolled over and pulled more of the blankets over his shoulder and curled up into a ball. He looked at the wall across the room and thought about what he should do. Feelings and emotions were hard, was he addicted to the sex or to George himself?

"Good morning..." the other boy mumbled.

That is for another time Dream, just enjoy this while it lasts. "Morning."

"How was your sleep?"

"Good, I'm still a little roughed up so let's take it easy today?"

"Fine fine, only because you look so adorable," George smiled and ruffled Dream's hair with his right hand then jumped out of the bed. The shorted boy stopped by the restroom before heading to the kitchen and making himself a bowl of cereal while Dream pulled out the toaster.

"I think I'm going to stream for a few hours," Dream announced.

"Really? You still sound a little sick but I think you can just lie and say it's because it's early."

"Yeah I'll say I just woke up..." The blonde remembered something George had said and instantly stiffed as he placed butter on his bread. "George, don't mess with me while I'm streaming."

"I won't!"

"I'm not kidding, I'll be done by 2," Dream pushed a little kiss into George's temple and went to his room. He started the stream at around 10am and thought that he would be good all stream, but

boy was he wrong.

George didn't get any ideas until around the last 10 minutes of the stream, he mulled over going into Dream's room for a few minutes before deciding, *It's now or never again*. So he gently crept over to Dream's door and opened it, luckily no noise could be heard and walked over beside Dream.

The blonde barely turned his head before muting his mic, "What the hell are you doing!"

"You're almost done anyway, just let me try it, if not you can just end the stream."

"You are gonna get me banned, fine..." He signed and clicked the unmute button. "So we're coming to the end of the stream, I'm going to do this last run then catch up on donos."

George gave a hard smirk and got down underneath Dream's desk, he'd always heard about people doing this but never thought he could do it without Dream getting upset. He rested his head on Dream's lap and lightly grazed his fingers over the blonde's thigh.

"Thank you Mira for the Dono. No, I will not be finding a heart of the sea but thanks so much for... giving me money." Dream giggled and coughed trying to keep his excitement at bay. He wouldn't let himself make a sound but it was a little tempting.

George slowly pressed his palm into the outline of the taller boy's cock. He didn't move too fast so Dream wouldn't accidentally say something but just slow enough.

"Thanks Iggy for donating, 'How does it feel to be taller than George and Sapnap' It feels amazing, they are shorties who I could totally beat up in a fight."

George heard the little words and pressed harder into Dream's crotch. The younger boy bit his lip and breathed in sharply, luckily his mic doesn't pick up breathing all that much. George was tempting to laugh at the response but didn't want to be heard, he curled his fingers around Dream's waistband...

"'Kiss, marry, kill: Enderman, Creeper and a Piglin.' Well I gotta kill the creeper because it would blow me up, I would kiss the piglin and marry the enderman because the enderman could bring me things in an instant. Thank you for the Dono, Spacey."

The shorter boy pulled back his shorts and underwear at the same time until his cock sprung out.

"Well this stream has been a lot of fun but I'm hungry so I will be ending soon. You guys have been amazing."

George barely wrapped his hand around Dream's cock.

"Goodbye everyone!" Dream tried to sound as happy as possible before he clicked the end stream button with a shaky hand. He double checked the stream ending and even pushed his microphone away. He glared down in between his legs at George, "I cannot believe you just did that."

"I thought it was fun..." George teased and licked at the tip of his cock adding a little more pressure.

"George, holy shit, stop teasing please."

“Good boy,” George praised and slipped the head of Dream’s cock into his mouth and swiped the tip of his tongue along the slit.

“I’m already really close, please more.” Dream’s voice was rough and breaking. The velvety tongue sliding over him was enough to drive him insane. It felt like liquid was spreading from his hips down into the soles of his shoes. With his left hand, the brit tightened his hand around his partner’s cock and gave him a few strokes before Dream just collapsed back into his chair. The blonde's eyes fluttered and his hips almost thrust into George's mouth but he kept it down as to not hurt his friend.

George kept the cock head in his mouth, hearing Dream's little whimpers and cries made him more dazed. He came up with another one of his devious plans. He slipped Dream's cock out and didn't swallow anything in his mouth. He pushed Dream's chair out so he could see him better and started to untie his shorts. George knew he was closer than he thought and gave a little stroke to his cock. Dream's eyes peered down and they locked eyes.

With any hesitation, George opened his mouth and let the cum down the corners of his mouth down onto his neck and shirt. The sticky white substance slipped down his lips and got into his collar.

" *George, holy fuck.* "

The brown haired boy let Dream's words seep into him and finally climaxed.

"What's wrong with you?" George tilted his head to the side in confusion.

"I'm *still* in shock!"

"It's been almost an hour..? Did you not like it or something?"

"No! I-" He stuttered for a moment, not able to find the right words. His voice got quiet, "It was really hot and I wasn't expecting it. You are almost forgiven from messing with me when I asked you not to."

“Almost?”

“I’ll punish you later. I still can’t even think.”

"I'm hungry, what's for dinner?"

"We need to go to the store tomorrow because I’m out of almost everything... Wanna order some wings tonight?"

George and Dream practically had a debate over the wings and what flavors they wanted which just ended in Dream ordering way more food than they originally thought. The blonde-haired boy thanked the delivery woman and brought the food inside, “Why did we order so much oh my god.”

“I’m hungry you spent like 4 hours streaming.”

“So we have plain, lemon-pepper and a few spicy ones.”

“You are making the author hungry talking about food.” George said, pulling out 2 plates and setting them down beside the boxes of chicken. “What show do you want to watch?”

“Avatar?”

“Sure, what season?”

“Can we start at the beginning of season 3? It’s my favorite.”

They spent the afternoon and into the evening watching 'The Last Airbender' and snacking. George asked how the stream was before he interrupted.

“It was nice, I talked to Bad for a little bit and we played some survival together.” Dream answered. “Are we going to tell them about this arrangement or leave them in the dark?”

“Let’s wait, I don’t want things to go sour in the meantime. Of course I’ll always be your friend but more people involved, more questions less answers, it’s annoying.”

“Yeah, it’s getting late do you wanna cuddle tonight?”

“Do you wanna cuddle every night?” George mocked and chuckled. He picked up his own plate and took it to the kitchen.

Chapter End Notes

Congrats you made it to the end of this chapter! This chapter is shorter in comparison to the others, only like 1,000 words. I try to go for at least 2 thousand. I'm working on a big project that will be coming out in late October so be on the lookout for that.

Kudos and sweet comments are always appreciated <3

You can follow me on twitter: @SJaynotfound (Don't send me nasty messages or ask me inappropriate things if you are a minor, I will block you.)

You can also look at my discord announcement (Please read all rules if you are looking at joining.):

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/25838668>

End Notes

I don't know how often updates will be, but updates are on their way for all stories :)

Kudos are always appreciated!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!